

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR EDITOR,

I am sorry that, owing to the carelessness of the postal authorities, the letter I wrote in January to the "Pianta" never reached you. In it I tried to express in the name of all students the great regret we feel in the departure of Mrs. and Miss Firth from Ambleside.

Seathwaite Rayne has always seemed such a necessary and inseparable part of the life at Scale How that it is difficult to picture the daily round going on without the help and inspiration which Mrs. and Miss Firth have always been so willing to give. When one looks back, it seems impossible to be sufficiently grateful for the afternoons which, as Seniors, we had the privilege to spend with Mrs. Firth when she taught us to know and love so much that is best and highest in art and architecture, uniting with it so much that is highest in literature too, since her teaching is that of a student and follower of Mr. Ruskin.

During these afternoons we stored up riches of an inexhaustible kind. Many who went to the House of Education, having a casual acquaintance with art, based on half a dozen visits to the National Gallery, came away with the firm determination to waste no opportunities in making friends of those pictures that were within reach, and of journeying to see those which were further afield, whenever occasion offered.

And thus we proved the truth of the lines:

"We're made so that we love  
First when we see them painted, things we have passed  
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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For the world became a more beautiful place to us because of the wider vision we obtained through the eyes of the great Masters.

And the initial step in all this we owe to Mrs. Firth.

Again, what a delight we took in Miss Firth's cooking lessons! Here we learned not only to cook many dainty dishes, but the way in which such lessons should be given.

These classes were always happy and energetic, the only cause for complaint being that the work had to be shared and each student could not do everything.

The way in which Miss Firth kept us all at work was a constant source of admiration to us. No one was ever idle, and the dishes were always nicely cooked and up to time.

It was a great delight to be invited to "tea and scones" at Seathwaite Rayne, where, in S. George's Room, we were allowed to look at Mrs. Firth's beautiful collection of minerals, and to handle them and enjoy them as much as we wished.

On these occasions Brownie would not be behind his mistresses in their desire for our entertainment, but would keep us merry with his clever tricks or would accompany us in our rambles in the garden, across the lawn where the gentian was in blossom, or down to Stock Ghyl to see it at its finest after a recent storm.

These are some of the many delights which were always so freely offered to the Scale How students. We deeply regret the fact that when next we go to Ambleside there will be no special reason for climbing the Kirkstone Road, because the kind friends who used to greet us are no longer there.

Most earnestly we wish them every happiness in their new home, and in our gratitude we would have them both feel that the work they have done for us will bring its



blessing, through us, to the children, for whom it was primarily intended, and that no part of what they have done will be wasted.—Yours sincerely,

March 17, 1908.

ELLEN A. PARISH.

DEAR EDITOR,

Will you allow me to write very shortly about a matter in which I am deeply interested and to which I should like to call the attention of others?

I often feel that, as students at Ambleside, we were fortunate in coming into touch with those who were actually engaged in Foreign Missions, and that the importance of the work was there impressed upon us. It sometimes occurs to me, however, that we students were a little forgetful of another, no less important branch of missionary work—I mean our Home Missions.

Not long ago I was able to spend a few weeks at a Mission Settlement in one of the worst districts of London, and I was impressed with a sense of the urgent need for greater and more widespread interest not only in the Metropolis, but all over the Kingdom, in the social and economic questions of the day. Have not we, as teachers, a very special opportunity of enlisting the sympathies of our children in this cause? If we can at all bring home to ourselves the greatness of the need, we shall find, I think, no difficulty in arousing enthusiasm in others.

Of course, the first step towards usefulness is knowledge, for lack of which most of us are so lukewarm in our sympathy. May I therefore remind any who care to know more of the existence of the Christian Social Union, a Society which has as its objects:

1. To claim for the Christian law the ultimate authority to rule social practice.
2. To study in common how to apply the moral truths and principles of Christianity to the social and economic difficulties of the present time.

3. To present Christ in practical life as the living Master and King, the enemy of wrong and selfishness, the power of righteousness and love.

The same Society publishes a tract (Mowbray, price 1d.), called "Hints to Students," which gives some suggestions for the systematic study of social questions. But I should like to implore all who have not already done so to read Kingsley's "Alton Locke," which opens a whole field of new ideas.

Knowledge should lead to activity. Of course, the best plan is to live for a time, however short, amongst those for whom we intend to work, and this may be possible to many of us. Most London Settlements welcome visitors, and my own Mission—the United Girls' Schools' Mission in Camberwell—is glad of helpers for an hour, a day or a week, and work can be found to suit the capabilities of every volunteer. To see is to long to help, and though we may personally be able to give only a small amount of time or money, yet surely to have aroused the enthusiasm of our children is in itself a great work. On them the future of the nation to some extent depends, and the seeds sown by us now will bear fruit in due season.

If space allowed I should like to describe some of the aspects of Mission work in London, but I am afraid I have already written at too great length.

Trusting I have not wearied you, I am, yours, etc.,

AN ENTHUSIAST.

DEAR EX-STUDENTS,

As the last letter was written in such haste we must apologise for its brevity and endeavour to write more at length this month. By this time Seniors and Juniors alike seem to have quite settled down to their new duties and surroundings. This year we got back here in time for the Grasmere Play which takes place annually, but usually



much earlier in the month. This was quite an event for us, and an opportunity which most took advantage of. The following is an account from one who went:

"On Saturday, January 18, we went to Grasmere to see a dialect play called "A Will and a Way." The rôles were all taken by village natives, who acted their parts admirably and with evident enjoyment. The play was described on the programme as a village drama, and the scene was naturally laid in the Lake District. At first the dialect was rather "Greek" to us, but we soon understood it and were able to appreciate both its humour and pathos.

"The drive home in a char-à-banc was delightful and brought to the close a most enjoyable and instructive afternoon."

I think you have already heard something of the numerous alterations here. I think we all most appreciate the addition of S. George's Room. This is more especially the property of the Juniors, and is now fitted up with tables and a good supply of lockers for their use. Over the doorway is the well-known picture of S. George and the Dragon, and round the room are the German pictures which used to be there in Mrs. Firth's time. We all use it for Dancing Classes in the evening, and as it has a good polished floor it is admirable for the purpose. Here, too, we have Swedish Drill, for which, as in former times, we have to be down at 7.30 a.m., and anybody who is not ready in her place as the Church clock begins to chime is requested to retire.

Just now the Juniors are busy getting up the play for half-term, which is at present a secret entirely in their keeping. It is reported that sundry raids have been made upon the box containing the acting clothes in the barn. We are looking forward to the result with great expectations. Arrangements are afoot for the half-term holiday, which will probably be on March 2 (weather permitting). This time we are not scattering, but are all going to Keswick,

most of us by coach, but a few on bicycles. We are all looking forward to it immensely, as it will be the longest expedition we have had so far, and we only hope that weather prospects will be more favourable than hitherto. There is great enthusiasm on the hockey field this term, probably owing to the fact that the forces of Seniors and Juniors are about equally matched. This was proved when about ten days ago we had a match, Seniors *versus* Juniors, which was played with the greatest enthusiasm and energy on both sides with the result that a goal was obtained by each side during the hour we were playing. As we all enjoyed this so much, we hope shortly to have a return match, when it is hoped a more definite result will be gained. Later on there is to be an Oxford *versus* Cambridge match, but as the majority seem to be on the Cambridge side, it does not promise to be such an exciting game.

Next Tuesday, Mr. Yates has kindly promised to come and give us a Lecture on Millet, to which we are all looking forward. Everybody knows what an appreciative audience he has here.

We have had two Poetry Clubs so far, the first one was on Rudyard Kipling, which was both original and entertaining. At the next one various pieces from Tennyson were chosen and read. As is customary at the first Drawing Room Evening, the Juniors entertained us with music and readings from Shakespeare. Since then we have had a most interesting evening on George Eliot, when selections were read from some of her books. Last Tuesday Charles Kingsley was the author chosen, and some very delightful passages from his Life were read, as well as portions from some of his own books.

We shall all be sorry to say good-bye to Miss Mann, who leaves us at half-term and goes to her post, and we wish her all success in the future. In her place we hope to have



Miss Bennett back again to finish her training here, which was interrupted some time back by her illness.

Scale How, February 17, 1908.

THE SENIORS.

#### BOOK MORALITY.

DEAR EDITOR,

May I bring the following case of the general absence of Book Morality to the notice of your readers? Some few years ago, a student lent to the House of Education a valuable book on a special branch of Natural History. When she asked for it again the book could not be found; it had been "borrowed" by some student so effectually that she not only took it home with her and kept it in spite of all inquiries, but has only renewed it now! In the meantime, a new copy was sent to the original owner, for no one who was acquainted with the circumstances could bear to think that she should suffer for her generosity.

Perhaps it is not superfluous to ask if anyone has "borrowed" in a similar fit of aberration two valuable books of astronomy which went astray some months ago?

A BOOK LOVER.

#### THE GRAND PANJANDRUM.

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What, no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picalillies and the Joblillies, and the Garyulies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button on the top, and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can till the gunpowder ran out at the heel of their boots."

The above was written by S. Foote in the *Quarterly Review* for 1854. It is said to have been intended to test

the memory of Macklin, who boasted that he could repeat anything after once hearing it.

DEAR EDITOR,

I see in the February "Pianta" that the author of the above quotation is wanted. The button in question was round, we are not told that it was brass!—Yours sincerely,  
M. E. FRANKLYN.